

11630 d. 7
Unanimity
A POEM,
By T. Macaulay
The second Edition.



Midst foreign tumults and domestic jars,
The snares of treason and the spoil of wars,
Her native strength can ev'ry blast oppose,
And hurl defiance on her boasting foes.

Poem Line 161

Printed for T. Cadell in the Strand, I. Walter Charing Cross, I. Robson New-
-Bond Street & Richardson, & Urquhart under the Royal Exchange —

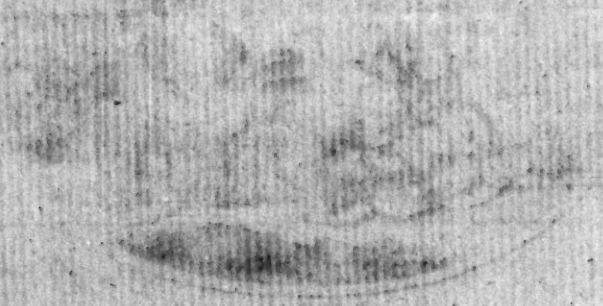
Price 1^s 6^d

The Ministry

of the Interior

of the Kingdom

The Second Edition



DEDICATION

TO

To an Essay of this kind, your Grace's

truly patriotic exertions for the Public

welfare, point you out as the most dis-

tinguished Patron; and is in conse-

quence of your Grace's well-known affe-

Duke of Northumberland,

Earl Percy, &c.

have presumed to solicit the honour of

your Grace's patronage and protection to

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

AT a time when an union of counsels
and measures is absolutely requisite
to the preservation of these realms, any
attempt to recommend so noble a virtue
as Unanimity, cannot, I flatter myself,
be thought unseasonable.

A

To

2 DEDICATION.

To an Essay of this kind, your Grace's *truly* patriotic endeavours for the Public welfare, point you out as the most distinguished Patron; and it is in consequence of your Grace's well-known affability, and spirited measures for uniting all ranks in the national defence, that I have presumed to solicit the honour of your Grace's patronage and protection to the subsequent little Poem.

I am, with the utmost respect,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most obedient,

Most humble Servant,

VAUX-HALL,
March 13, 1780.

JOHN MACAULAY.

U N A N I M I T Y;

P O E M.

WHEN dire Misfortune o'er a sinking land

Extends, oppressor-like, her iron hand;

When lowering storms with threatening front appear,

And wild Dismay bespeaks destruction near,

While darkening round the prospect heavier grows,

Teeming with ills, and big with future woes;

Then, bursting forth, the Patriot stands confest,

And all the hero flames within his breast.

Friend to his country! whose unbounded soul

Views with capacious eye the mighty whole,

Who

Who guides her sacred helm with pious hands
 From raging whirlpools, and destructive sands;
 Who, tho' by fortune fenc'd, disdains to fly
 When the storm gathers, and the tempest's nigh:
 Such be the Peer in Britain's senate bold, 15
 Such be the Chief in Fame's bright list enroll'd,
 Such be the Man in whom all hearts agree,
 And such, NORTHUMBERLAND, be found in THEE!

Come, Patriot-Muse, do thou inspire the song!
 To thee the lyre and sacred verse belong. 20
 By thee the hero's breast enraptured glows
 With public good, or feels for public woes,
 The wreath divine, the laurel-circled crown,
 And all the brighter emblems of renown,
 Are thine to give; are doom'd to wait on thee, 25
 Guardian of Right, and soul of Liberty!

Where Ocean roaring round his wide domains,
 Visits the shores of Albion's fruitful plains,
 A chalky cliff there is, tremendous, steep,
 Whose awful front o'erlooks the rolling deep.
 Here as the Genius of Britannia stood,
 And view'd the billows of the raging flood,
 Sudden a glittering car appears on high,
 Drawn by swift couriers through the liquid sky;
 In which, enthron'd in splendid glory, sat,
 The watchful Guardian of the Gallic state.
 In his glad visage joy conspicuous shone,
 With hatred deep, and malice all his own,
 Then bending o'er, the sounding lash he plies;
 Swift glides the car, and cuts the yielding skies:

" Fly on, my couriers! yonder clime survey,
 " Where England's Monarch bears a hateful sway.

" Fly on, my couriers! soon shall ye behold
 " These realms subjected, and their freedom sold.
 " Black Discontent and Envy shall o'erthrow
 " Their best resolves, and lay their empire low;
 " To Gaul's aspiring sons an easy prey,
 " Eclips'd and swallow'd in our brighter day."

This said, he onward drove his shining car,
 Intent on ills, and meditating war:
 When lo! before the gliding chariot stands
 The sacred Guardian of the British lands.
 Collected, firm, in conscious virtue bold,
 His arms resplendent shone with burnish'd gold.
 He waves his spear: the couriers backward start,
 Scar'd with the lustre of the glittering dart.

" Presumptuous Power (the British Warrior cries) !
 " What cause invites thee to these English skies ?

" Why to our coasts dost thou pursue thy way? "

" Thy errand tell, nor use a vain delay. 60

" If generous purpose fire thy godlike soul, "

" Approach secure, and speak without controul. "

" But if destructive wrong insidious lies "

" Hid in thy breast beneath some dark disguise, "

" Wisely retreat; nor urge th' unequal fray, 65

" Left foul disgrace the rash attempt repay. "

Meanwhile the haughty Power approaching near, "

Sublime he rais'd the long protracted spear. "

Erect in awful majesty he stood, "

In stature, port, and beauty, like a God. 70

The Gallic Power approaching from afar, "

Descended graceful from his splendid car. "

The steeds, obedient to their lord's command, "

Wait his return, and graze on hostile land. "

Your

When

When thus the Power: "Nor bent on dark emprizè 75

"Nor open wrong, I quit my native skies. "The

"What need for me to shake Britannia's throne? "If

"Her sons have done it, and the deed's their own. "A

"Far different purpose suits my high behest: "But

"Then mark the sacred counsel of my breast. 80

"To shield a nation from impending harms, "W

"To guide their counsels, and direct their arms; "I

"To bid them glory in the martial course, "M

"And string their nerves with more than mortal force; "S

"To guard a people virtuous, just, and free, 85

"Is worthy heavenly Powers, and worthy Thee. "I

"But far from Britain and her perjurd race, "T

"Fair Virtue flies, and veils her sacred face. "D

"In distant realms she rears a lasting throne, "T

"And gilds new climes with glories once their own. 90

"Your

" Your pamper'd sons in venal contract sold,
 " Barter their country and their God for gold;
 " Enslaved by faction, and to fraud a prey,
 " They vote their freedom and their lives away;
 " Hence treaties broken, ancient faith decay'd,
 " Plunder let loose, and sacred trust betray'd,
 " Truth, Justice, Virtue, Liberty are fled;
 " And Fraud and Rapine riot in their stead.
 " Tott'ring already on its sinking base,
 " Your Britain hastens to its own disgrace;
 " Nor will your sov'reign power exerted all,
 " Replace her grandeur, or prevent her fall;
 " See firmly leagued each virtuous state appear,
 " In Freedom's cause unknowing how to fear:
 " No more they groan beneath your Tyrant's chains,
 " And all America your rule disdains.

- " Iberia too and Gallia nobly join
" To aid their arms, and help the great design:
" See, stretch'd along, their numerous fleets combin'd
" To sink oppression, and to free mankind. 110
" What force shall Britain to such strength oppose?
" Or how contend with such superior foes?
" Then fly these fated shores, ere mighty shame
" O'erwhelm your hosts, and blast the British name.
" What from resistless vengeance can ensue, 115
" But ruin to her sons, and sad disgrace to you?
" Fly then this land: and if to Gaul a friend,
" Our ports to thee shall open arms extend.
" Or if Iberia's vineyards please thee more,
" Or the long windings of th' Atlantic shore, 120
" Timely retreat; confirm thy doubtful voice,
" And lasting glory shall await thy choice."

" 'Tis

" 'Tis well," Britannia's Guardian thus replies,
 (Stern anger flashing dreadful from his eyes)
 " 'Tis well my plighted faith, in honour bound,
 " Protects thee treading thus on hostile ground.
 " Did not my soul that sacred tie revere,
 " Did not Discretion hold the pointed spear,
 " Thou hadst not dar'd, presumptuous! to revile
 " The Prince and subjects of my fav'rite isle. 130
 " Infidious Pow'r! let faithless Gallia tell
 " (That seat where guile and ranc'rous envy dwell)
 " Of treaties broken, and of faith decay'd,
 " Of lawless rapine, and of trust betray'd;
 " Whose treach'rous sons have cast the fatal brand 135
 " Of hellish discord o'er Britannic land.
 " While yet in embrio lay the seeds of hate,
 " Ere yet contention vex'd each jarring state;

" Ere

" Ere yet Bellona, raging in the fray, " 'Tis well, " "
 " Saw warlike troops to hostile rage a prey; " 140 "
 " Your wiles accurst, and dark insidious arts, " 'Tis well, " "
 " Kindled destructive rage in social hearts. " Proceeds these " "
 " Talk not of Freedom: 'tis a Briton's theme— " Did not my soul, that sacred the " "
 " Of which your servile sons may fondly dream; " Did not Discretion hold the pointed spear " "
 " While Power despotic rules with iron hand, " Thou hadst not dared to venture to " "
 " And makes one mighty prison of the land. " 145 " The Prince and his " "
 " Nor think, proud Gaul, tho' adverse fortune frown, " Insidious Power, for faithful Gallia tell " "
 " And shade the glories of the British crown, " Of treasure " "
 " On England's sons thy abject chains to bind, " Of law " "
 " Or damp the ardours of a free-born mind. " 150 " whole tree " "
 " When Fortune smiles, with giddy joy elate " Of belief " "
 " You scorn the turnings of capricious Fate; " While yet " "
 " Yet when her fav'ring gales forget to blow, " Ere yet " "
 " Fled are your transports, and your hopes laid low.

- " Not so Britannia; she with equal mind,
 " Or quits her frowning, or receives her kind,
 " Like her own rocks, when angry Boreas raves,
 " Plows the mad sea, and rides the foaming waves;
 " Secure she stands, tho' angry tempests beat,
 " And sees the billows break beneath her feet. 160
 " 'Midst foreign tumults, and domestic jars,
 " The snares of treason, and the spoil of wars,
 " Her native strength can ev'ry blast oppose,
 " And hurl defiance on her boasting foes.
 " Lur'd by the verdure of Britannia's plains, 165
 " When lawless Danes o'erspread her wide domains,
 " Long time eclips'd, our English ALFRED lay,
 " To wait the dawning of a happier day:
 " While unsubdued the British fire remains,
 " And England vindicates her native plains. 170

D

" Emerging

" Emerging forth, he taught their hosts to yield
 " The dear-bought wealth of many a bloody field;
 " Resum'd his crown, and to the world made known,
 " The arms that rais'd, can still support a throne.

" Perplex'd with cares, and torn with wild debate; 175
 " When half-divided lay the troubled state;
 " When infant HENRY, rais'd to England's throne,
 " (Inheritor of troubles not his own)
 " 'Midst civil tumults and disputed sway,
 " Saw half his realms to foreign foes a prey; 180
 " Did Gallic LEWIS in the cause prevail,
 " Or proud injustice turn the equal scale?
 " No— to his native shores repuls'd he fled,
 " And British Freedom rear'd her drooping head:
 " Well-pleas'd to found her empire o'er the main 185
 " On England's brighter day, and EDWARD's glorious reign.

- " Need I yet more our nearer glories trace,
 " And mark the trophies of great Tudor's race;
 " When England's sceptre, grac'd by Virgin sway,
 " Gave nations law, and bade new worlds obey?
 " Ask proud Iberia, when unnumber'd oars
 " Sever'd the billows of her northern shores,
 " While in the Bay her well-arm'd navy rode,
 " With warlike troops, and deathful engines stow'd;
 " When Rome's great PONTIFF blest'd the hardy deed, 195
 " And bade their wishes, and their arms succeed:
 " Did PHILIP's host *invincible* appear?
 " Or Britain trembling shrink with coward fear?
 " Say, did her sons forsake the martial plain,
 " Or fly inglorious through the fiery main? 200
 " Let Spain the deed declare—for well she knows
 " Heaven's wrathful vengeance on Britannia's foes;
 " Whole

- " Whose mighty ships, by angry billows tost,
 " In shatter'd fragments cover'd all the coast:
 " While breathless, pale, her mangled Warriors lay,
 " Stretch'd on the beach, to hostile Rage a prey.
 " Learn then, vain Power, tho' treach'rous Gallia join,
 " And false Iberia aid the base design,
 " Conspiring each, by force or secret guile,
 " To blast the glories of this sea-girt isle ; 210
 " BRITAIN once rous'd shall all your schemes confound,
 " And dash your baseless fabrick to the ground.
 " League all your forces, join your warlike stores,
 " And bid your navies line our winding shores—
 " BRITAIN UNITED, all your toils shall mock, 215
 " And stand unmov'd amidst the mighty shock.
 " Her gen'rous sons, inur'd to martial toil,
 " Shall guard by conq'ring arms their native soil :

" Chiefs

- " Chiefs of renown lead on each martial band,
 " Skilful in war, and flow'r of British land: 220
 " ONE heart, ONE hand shall all your hopes o'erthrow—
 " A NATION wars, a NATION gives the blow!
 " Our sever'd sons by Gallic fraud betray'd,
 " Mourning the ruin mutual wars have made,
 " Once more cemented, shall repel their foes, 225
 " Tho' *Hell* and *You* the glorious deed oppose.
 " Strive then no more my fix'd resolves to shake,
 " Or bid my feet Britannia's realms forsake.
 " Tho' hostile fleets o'erspread her shining strand,
 " And fell destruction stalk'd throughout the land; 230
 " Firm I'd remain, unshaken to the end;
 " Foe to her foes, and to her friends a friend.
 " Then hence—and to thy darling sons make known,
 " Nor art nor force can shake Britannia's throne.

"Speed swift thy flight, regain thy Gallic shore, 235

"And tempt the vengeance of this arm no more."

He spoke—nor could the subtle Power reply:

He mounts his car, and cuts the yielding sky.

Britannia's Guardian, glorying in his might,

Descends majestic from the mountain's height. 240

Then to the dusty plains he bends his way,

Where Britain's sons in martial order lay:

Studious their warlike bosoms to inspire

With manly virtue, and heroic fire.

11:7:49

F I N I S.